

unfold by aspartaeme

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

‘Hey, Hargrove,’ he says, breathless, ‘been a while.’

Not that Billy would know, white walls and meaningless numbers and no window in sight. If this is a dream, he doesn’t wanna fuckin’ wake up.

or; impossibly, someone comes back for Billy.

unfold

Author's Note:

*hands out *wrote this at work and didn't get fired*
stickers*

Billy hears a *clink*.

That's all the warning he gets. A *clink*, something metallic and heavy falling to the ground, and then.

A voice shouts his name.

His name—his name is the one thing he knows. The one thing he's still holding, trapped in his palms, claws dug in, *Billy, you're Billy, these are your hands, this is a wall, this is your cage*. Everything else is. Elusive. Lack of natural light means. No idea what day it is, or what time in the day. The neon above blinks on, a new day begins, *wake up, wake up, you're Billy*. Then, darkness thick and soupy and engulfing, intrusive, oppressive, and the day's over, and *you're Billy, close your eyes, dream of the sun*.

You're Billy.

So. He knows that. He knows his name, and someone. Is shouting, shouting it. Less like a reminder, desperately needed. More like wonder, and tear-soaked happiness. No less desperate.

Granted, Billy's had dreams like this.

Nothing but time in here. Nothing but time, unidentified. Unmarked and void. Really good ground for dreams, that. Billy's had dreams like this. Doors blowing up. Blood, splattered on the white walls, finally. Red winning over this white, this white that'll drive him to insanity, any unidentified day now. Finally.

He's had dreams like this.

Max, shouting his name, clawing at his shirt, his shirt that's white, too. Insanity-driven, both of them, or. Maybe the whole world is

crazy. Time is nothing but numbers, after a while.

Billy remembers numbers, too.

He's had dreams like this.

Harrington—he never had a starring role in them. Not. Not in these dreams, insanity-driven and blinding white and. Out of time. Out of time.

No, Harrington never crept his way into these dreams. Harrington is the dream from *before*, when time was numbers, but also school periods, and curfews, and ringing in Billy's ears, and. Harrington was the dream, squashed under Billy's tongue, crashed inside his mouth, chewing glass, bleeding to hell and back for it. Choking on blood and swallowing it all down, because Billy's not a quitter. Billy's not a spitter, and the *before* dreams always meant blood, anyway.

Billy doesn't have space in his mouth for Harrington anymore, these days. The cave under his tongue is occupied by his name, *Billy, Billy, you're Billy*, like a prayer. Like that song Max used to listen to, the entire fuckin' summer. *When you call my name, like a little prayer*.

He doesn't know what Max was praying for, but Billy died, and then he didn't, or maybe he did, so clearly it worked. Or didn't. Depending on what Max was praying for.

Billy hears his name, and then Max is running, rushing, burrowing into him. His arms. They must've been hug-shaped, because they're hugging Max, suddenly. Envelop, fold one on top of the other, keep everything inside safe.

And Harrington—Harrington's never in his dreams, not in these, but he's. He's right there, now. He's. At the door, framed by it. Harrington's at the door, and the door isn't there, just. Just like Billy's dreams.

Turns out, the thunder he heard before wasn't all in his head.

'I told you,' Max is saying, yelling, shouting, 'I told you he'd be here, I told you El was right.'

Billy looks from Max, a blurry flame in his arms, up, up, at Harrington, staring. Right at him. One hand at the top of brown hair, melted chocolate, of the kid next to him. El. Vaguely familiar. Maybe not. Billy died saving her. That type of thing stays with you.

‘Yeah,’ Harrington says, breathless, in a violent sort of way, ‘fuck me, El, you did it,’ and then. Then, ‘Hey, Hargrove,’ he says, still breathless, almost. Smiling, now, ‘Been a while.’

Not that Billy would know, white walls and meaningless numbers and no window in sight. If this is a dream, he doesn’t wanna fuckin’ wake up.

Something crashes loudly in the distance, and Harrington winces as an alarm goes off. It’s a deafening, trilling sound. Billy could get used to it, after a while. He’s always been good at tuning the bad stuff out.

‘Okay, Max,’ Harrington’s saying, this side of frantic, ‘Max, we need to go. Max, *now*.’

The alarm is screaming its wiry lungs out, and Max’s arms tighten around Billy’s waist. She burrows even deeper, into the white shirt, into him, maybe, probably. Trying to climb inside. Billy, nails too short to tear the fabric of her shirt, but not for lack of trying, he. He gets that.

Some things stay with you. Fuck them for cutting all the white off his fingernails, truly.

‘Max,’ he says, probably the first word in days. Weeks, months. Whatever. He doesn’t remember his voice being so raspy. Sandpaper-coarse. Holding onto his name is hard enough right now. ‘What day is it?’

Max, impossibly, burrows even deeper, and snuffles. Billy, impossibly, over the ringing around him, and the one inside his head. Impossibly, he hears her.

‘Wednesday,’ she says, wetly, ‘it’s cold out, Billy, it’s. It’s winter. Almost December.’

The numbers start making sense again, and Billy died, or didn’t, or

came back, or something, and Billy. He's been in here for four months. Five. Almost half a year. That—

Holding onto his name was a feat, considering.

'Okay,' he says, and, impossibly, he can hear himself. When he looks back up, Harrington's already looking at him, or maybe he never stopped, and Billy, alarms blaring, and numbers turning into four, five months, Billy's still holding onto his own name. 'Okay, we need to go.'

Harrington nods at that, and Max nods, too. Not that it makes any difference. She doesn't let go, not for another minute, and then she does, and Billy hopes. Hopes he doesn't wake up.

'Go,' Harrington ushers her outside the door, the doorless frame. Towards the alarm, still screaming. 'El, take Max and go. We're right behind you.'

A second before they disappear, Max sends him a look. El sends him a smile. Billy's feeling more alive by the second.

Harrington's still standing under the empty door frame, and, honestly, a name and a date isn't enough. Billy has questions.

'You're here,' he says, which isn't a question, but also. Kind of is, and Harrington laughs, and is looking every bit like Billy's dreams from *before*, and the ringing sound isn't getting any quieter, and Billy's still not used to it, and.

Harrington tilts his head, 'Wouldn't wanna miss out on all the fun,' he says, and then, 'You okay?'

Billy nods, not entirely certain Harrington's addressing him, except there's nobody else in the room, so Billy's thinking maybe he won't need to get used to the sound, after all. Maybe he's not waking up. Maybe. Maybe he's getting out.

There's a thud, from somewhere behind Harrington. Billy watches, in horror, in actual fuckin' slow motion, as Harrington's eyes spread wide over his face, as he grunts, falling to his knees. Holding the back of his head.

Billy doesn't recognize the man standing between them and the open, open door. He doesn't. He knows the white robe, and the look in his eyes, white rage, blind, blinding, and he.

Harrington's on the floor, and Billy doesn't think.

He raises one arm, fingers splayed wide in the air in front of him. Closes them around nothing, and he can hear, impossibly, over the siren above his head, over the siren inside, he can hear. Bones snapping, horrible, cracking sounds. The man's head hangs at an unnatural angle, to the left and back, eyes lifeless, staring at the white ceiling. His mouth set on a scream he never got to seal Billy's fate with.

Billy lets his arm fall to his side. He feels. Dragged, by gravity. All of him, a magnet drawn to the center of the earth, helpless. Then Harrington grunts, standing up, and.

Nothing else registers, after that.

Harrington takes Billy's offered hand, except he's kinda already up, and he doesn't. He doesn't really let go. Billy killed a man with that hand, only a second ago. Harrington hasn't let go.

'That,' he starts, wincing his way through it, kinda. Smiling, too, 'that was hot.'

Billy says, 'Residual powers from—' and then it sinks in, Harrington's words, so. 'Wait, hot, Harrington, I just. I killed someone, that wasn't —' and Harrington's kinda still smiling, and holding his hand, and the siren hasn't shut the fuck up, but Billy doesn't really care, not in the slightest. He shakes his head to maybe clear it, a bit. Maybe. 'We need to get out. And we're talking about this. After getting the fuck out.'

'Sure,' Harrington drawls, 'talking's one thing we can do about it,' and the next thing Billy knows there's one too many tongues in his mouth.

Billy, impossibly, over the alarm, and what is possibly, maybe, an explosion, somewhere far, far away, fishes out a moan out of

Harrington's lungs, and feels it writhing inside his mouth, and. Impossibly, he can hear him. He can hear Harrington moaning against his lips. Somehow. Impossibly.

Billy doesn't. Really give a fuck if this isn't how his dreams go. Fuck *before*. Harrington's holding his hand. His tongue's licking laps up and down Billy's mouth. Fuck it.

'Harrington,' he says, tries, really, muffled against Harrington's actual fuckin' mouth, 'Harrington, we need to—' He lets out a grunt, when Harrington's teeth graze against his bottom lip, and then Billy's pushing him away, away, away. 'Stop, stop, we need to get out of here.'

A loud *thud* crashes outside. Harrington winces, hand tightening around Billy's.

'That was probably El,' he says, 'that girl's having way too much fun,' and he laughs, laughs, at Billy's expression, which. It's probably horrified, in all honesty. The guard's lifeless on the ground, white robe bunched, head. Tilted to the left. Billy's fingers, his very own weapon of destruction, twitch inside Harrington's hold, and Harrington squeezes, once, twice. Nods to himself.

'I got us in, wonder boy,' he says, leaning in, leaning closer, 'how do you feel about getting us out of here?'

Author's Note:

me: im like dropping hints that i love kudos and comments

also me: i love kudos and comments ☐

hope you enjoyed this leaked s4 scene! here's my [tumblr](#) if you wanna talk